



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

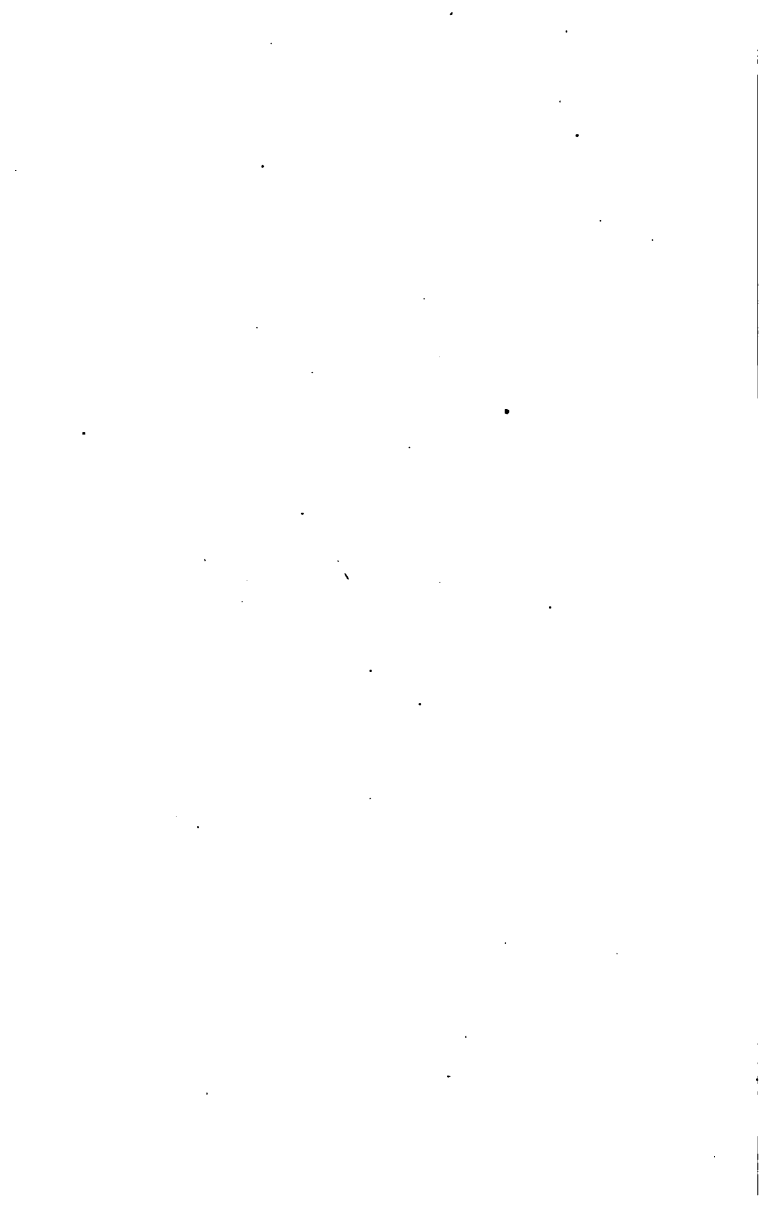


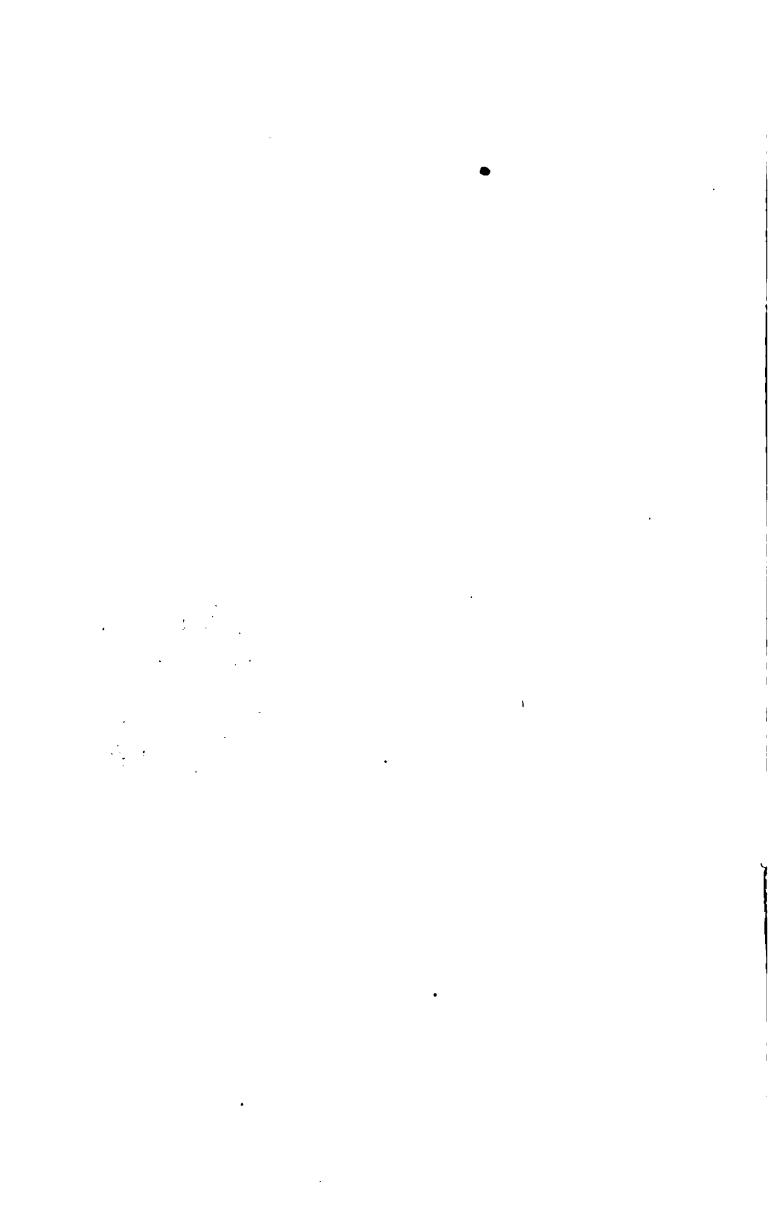
KRUMMACHER'S
PARABLES

44.503.









Parables.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.



London :
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.XLIV.

Cambridge:
Printed at the University Press.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE Hyacinth	3
The Redbreast	7
The Spider.....	9
Socrates and Critias	12
Alfred	14
The Two Roads	18
Polycarp (The Kingdom of Truth)	21
The Morning Dream	24
The Birth-day Gifts.....	26
The Little Flower	28
The Peaches	29
The Elder-Tree Staff	32
The Sheep-shearing	34
The Wild Cherry.....	35
The Canary Bird	37
The Butterfly-hunt	39
God's Husbandry	41
Penitence	43
A Ramble in the Fields.....	46
The False Light	51
The Well of Recovery, or the History of Baruch	54
The Bee-Hive	63

	PAGE
The Heart of a Child	66
The Muscle-Shells	69
The Representatives	71
Old Age.....	73
The Young Tree	75
The Guide.....	79
The Two Travellers.....	82

The Hyacinth.

EMILY was distressed because the winter lasted so long; for she loved flowers, and had a little garden of her own, in which she raised very fine ones with her own hands. Therefore she was eager for the spring to come, and the winter to pass away. One day her father said, "See, Emily, I have brought you a bulbous root; but you must rear it for yourself with great care."

"How can I do that, my father?" answered the little girl: "the snow lies without, and the earth is as hard as a stone." She said this because she did not know that flowers could be raised in pots, and had never seen such a thing. So her father gave her a little flower-pot filled with earth, and Emily put the root into it; but she looked at her father, and smiled, doubting whether he had spoken in earnest or not. For she thought that the blue heavens must be over the flower, and the soft breath of Spring

around it, and that anything so splendid could never be reared by *her* hands. For the lowly simplicity of childhood expects not that extraordinary things should take place on its own account.

After a few days the earth in the flower-pot was pushed up, and little green leaves arose from the top of it, and came forth to the light. Then Emily rejoiced, and made her father and mother, and the whole house, acquainted with the birth of the young plant.

The parents smiled, and said to one another, "Now we shall see her tend her little plant, as a child, with quiet love and hope. As we rejoice in Emily, so she in her tender nursling."

Carefully did Emily water the plant, and then smiled with pleasure upon it.

The father saw it, and said, "Right, my child, sunshine must follow the rain and dew. The beam of a kindly eye gives its worth to the good deed which the hand performs. Thy little plant will thrive, Emily."

After a while the leaves came out of the earth in full blow, and shining with a lovely green. This increased Emily's joy. "Oh," said

she, in the fulness of her heart, "I shall be well satisfied, even if no flowers should ever come."

"Contented spirit!" said her father. "More shall be given thee than thou darest hope for. It is the reward of modest contentment." Then he shewed her the flower-bud, lying hid between the green leaves.

Emily's care and attention increased each day, as by little and little the flower-bud was unfolded. With gentle hand she sprinkled water upon the plant, and asked whether there were enough—whether too much—or whether it might not be too cold for it. And when a gleam of sunshine came through the window, she softly carried the plant into it, and her breath removed the dust from the leaves, just as the morning air breathes over the roses.

Emily fell asleep at night amid thoughts of her flowers, and waked with the same in the morning. Many times in her dreams did she see her hyacinth in full bloom, and when in the morning it had not flowered, and Emily found it was but a dream, she was not impatient or discouraged, but said smiling, "The flowers may come yet." Sometimes also she asked her father

in what colours they would be dressed; and when she had mentioned all the different tints, she said with a gladsome voice, "It is all one to me, if they do but blow."

At length the flower appeared. Twelve bells had opened in the early morning, and hung down in full beauty between five broad leaves of an emerald green. Their colour was a pale red, like the hue of morning's dawn, or the soft bloom on Emily's cheek. A fragrant breeze played around the flowers. It was a clear March morning.

Emily had never conceived of any thing so magnificent. Her joy was still and speechless. She remained before the flowers on her knees, gazing at them.

Then her father came to the spot, and looked at his beloved child and her blooming hyacinth, and said with emotion, "See, Emily, you are to us what your hyacinth is to you."

Then the little girl sprang up, and threw her arms about her father, saying with a soft voice, "O my father, could I but rejoice your heart, even as the flower has rejoiced mine!"

The Redbreast.

A LITTLE redbreast came in the depth of winter to the window of a good countryman, as if it would be very glad to come in. Then the man opened his window, and took the tame friendly little creature into his cottage. So it picked up the crumbs that fell from his table; and the peasant's children grew very fond of the little bird. But when the spring came again, and the trees and shrubs were covered with leaves, the peasant opened his cottage window, and his little visitor flew away into the neighbouring thicket, built his nest, and sang his joyful song.

And behold, when the winter returned, the little robin came again to the peasant's cottage, and he brought his mate with him. The countryman and his children were quite delighted when they saw the two pretty creatures looking about them with happy confidence in their little bright eyes, and the children said, "The dear birds

look at us as if they would fain say something."

Then answered the father, "If they could speak, they would say, 'Faithful kindness awakens confidence, and love produces a return of love'."

The Spider.

A BOY went out one day with his father into a vineyard. There he found a bee entangled in a spider's web. The spider was opening his fearful jaws to destroy his prey. Then the boy set the bee at liberty, and destroyed the web of the ravenous insect.

His father saw it, and said, "How can you, my son, think so little of the animal's skill and dexterity as to destroy its curious web, so patiently and laboriously woven? Do you not see with what beautiful regularity these fine threads have been placed? How can you be at once so compassionate and so unfeeling?" The boy replied, "Is not the skill of the spider malice, and used for the purposes of murder and destruction? But the bee gathers honey and wax in her cells; therefore I delivered the bee, and destroyed the spider's web."

The father commended the judgment of an unprejudiced and simple mind, that condemns

the false glitter of those talents which, springing from selfishness, are employed only in mischief and destruction.

"But," continued the father, "perhaps you have yet been somewhat unjust to the spider. See, she protects our ripening grapes from the flies and wasps with the web which she weaves over them." "Does she do that," said the boy, "to protect the fruit? or is it not much more to satisfy her own thirst of blood?"

"Why truly," answered his father, "she may have a little fancy for the grapes herself." "O," said the boy, "then the good which she does without intending it is of no worth. Goodwill is all that is valuable and beautiful in good deeds."

"True," replied the father, "and let us be thankful to Providence, who knows how to turn what is evil and malignant to the preservation of the good and useful."

The boy inquired, "Why does the spider sit so solitary in her web, while the bees live together in friendly union, and work in company? If spiders did the same, what a great web they might make!"

“Dear child,” returned the father, “it is only for good ends that a society of real friendship can be formed. The union of malice and selfishness carries within itself the germ of its own decay. Men have often tried in vain to make it lasting, and among the works of nature it is not found.”

As they returned to the house, the boy said, “I have learned something to-day even from that ugly spider.” “And why not?” answered his father. “In nature we find the malignant placed beside the kind, and the evil beside the good, that the good may shine out the fairer and clearer. And thus may man learn a good lesson even from that which is evil.”

Socrates and Critias.

SOCRATES, the son of Sophroniscus, one of the sages of Greece, who in the night of idolatry sighed after the true light, was one day speaking to his disciples assembled round him, of the all-governing providence of the Godhead, which sees and hears all things, and is present every where, and takes care of all; and how man ever more and more feels and acknowledges this power, the more he pays it homage.

To illustrate this, the wise teacher, in the emotion of his heart, made use of an image from the poems of the incomparable Homer, and compared the providence of God to a mother, who softly and unperceived drives away the flies from her little one, that is resting in sweet slumbers.

Now among his disciples was Critias the traitor, who condemned him to death. This man smiled in secret, for the similitude seemed to him ignoble and mean. Therefore he sneered and mocked at it in his heart.

But Socrates saw and understood him. So he turned to him, and said, "Dost thou not then perceive, my dear Critias, how nearly the human nature in its simplicity is allied to that which is divine, and how the former may raise up itself toward the latter?"

Thus said he. Then Critias went away, wrathful at heart; and Socrates continued to instruct the rest.

Afterwards, when Socrates had been condemned to death through the malice of Critias, and was about to drink the cup of poison, the tyrant remembered the words and the parable of the wise man. And he came to him and said, in a mocking tone, "Well, Socrates, will the gods drive away the flies from thee now?" Socrates smiled, and said, "The Divine Being, Critias, has now led me, my day's work being finished, to repose. How can I think any more about the flies?"

Alfred.

IN ancient times there dwelt on the banks of a foaming river a wild and savage people. They worshipped frightful idols, and lived like the beasts of the field. The land itself was a wilderness, full of destructive marshes, or covered with tangled thickets and poisonous plants. Nothing but fightings among the wild beasts or the rude savage inhabitants was heard amid the dreary solitudes.

Then there came a man from a far country, and looked from a high hill over the land, and his heart was grieved at the mournful sight; for he was a man of a noble spirit, like to the Apostles, on whom the Spirit of the Lord rested. And he was called Alfred, which signifies, "Peace to all;" for he said, "I would that I could bring God's peace to all the world!"

So he came to the wild inhabitants of the land, and they received him with trust and reverence; for he was ardent and full of

kindness, and the Spirit of the Lord was with him.

He taught them to drain the marshes, and root up the wild thickets, and to till the fields; and he gave them corn to sow, and planted fruit-bearing trees. Thus did Alfred renew the face of the country, and the wilderness became a lovely blooming garden.

Now as the people of the land were one day gathered around Alfred on a rising ground, they were struck with astonishment at the beautiful appearance of fruitfulness and cultivation; and in the fulness of their joy they were ready to worship Alfred, and said to him, "Thou thyself art the god of whom thou speakest to us! Thou art come down to us from heaven! What will our dumb gods profit us?"

Then Alfred smiled and said, "Well may you rejoice over the beauty of your land; but from henceforth let your delight in the beautiful and the good lead you to the knowledge of the truth." And then he spoke to them of the everlasting love of the heavenly Father, and of Jesus Christ, the Saviour and the Lord; of redemption and adoption through Him, and of

eternal life. Thus did he instruct every one of them, and they, when they heard his teaching, received it into their hearts, and throwing away their idols, they believed the truth.

After a little time they came again to Alfred, and said, "Thou hast given us the highest and best of gifts: how shall we thank thee?"

Then he said, "Thank Him who sent me to you. Even as your land, reclaimed by your diligent care, now rejoices you with plenteous returns of fruits and flowers, so do you yourselves now become as the field of God, and bring forth the fruit of faith, hope, and love. In doing this you shall become more and more partakers of that peace which I have made known to you, and your last hour shall be like the evening of a spring-day."

When Alfred had spoken these words, he died; and even in death his countenance was one of love.

The inhabitants of that land wept for Alfred as for a father, and buried him on the hill-top, whence he had first looked forth upon the land. And they planted a lime-tree upon his grave, and beside it they placed a cross to his memory.

On that spot a row of young trees has sprung up to this day. The pious heart will discern in them the image of a lofty and heavenly mind, which ennobles even that which is earthly.

The Two Roads.

THE schoolmaster of a little village in the country of the Rhine, was one day standing in his school and teaching, and the children of the village sat all round him, and listened eagerly ; for he taught them with kindness and with power. He was speaking of a good and an evil conscience, and of the still small voice in the heart.

Now when he had finished his discourse, he said to his scholars, " Which of you can tell me a parable about this ? "

Then one of the boys stepped forward and said, " I could tell you a parable about it ; but I do not know whether it would be a right one. "

" Tell it after your manner, " said the teacher, and the boy began :

" I think the peace of a good conscience, and the torment of an evil one, are like two roads which I once travelled. When the enemy's

army passed through our little village, they made my dear father a prisoner, and took away our horse. Now when we found my father did not return home, my mother and the rest of us wept and lamented bitterly, and she sent me to the town to inquire for father. I went: but late at night I came back with a sorrowful heart; for I had not found my father.

“It was a dark autumn night. The wind roared and howled in the oaks and fir-trees, and among the rocks; the owls and ravens shrieked; and in my heart was the bitter thought that we had lost our dear father, and that I should see my mother’s tears when I should return home alone. I thought I saw fearful things in the dark night, and the rustling leaves terrified me. Then I thought within myself that it might be thus in the heart of the man who goes about with an evil conscience.”

“Little ones,” said the master, “would you willingly walk out in such a dark night, seeking your father in vain, and hearing nothing but the noise of the storm and the roaring of beasts of prey?” “Ah no!” cried the children all at once, and they shuddered at the thought.

Then the boy continued his story, and said, "Another time I went the same way with my sister, and we had been to the town to fetch all manner of pleasant things for a family feast, which our mother's father had prepared for the next day. It was in the month of March, and a fine clear sky, and all was as quiet and still as in our little sleeping rooms, so that one might have heard the running and murmuring of the streamlets, and all around the nightingales were singing in the trees. We went on hand in hand, and were so happy that we could scarcely speak. Also our kind father came to meet us. Then again I thought to myself that it might be so in the heart of a man who had done much good."

So spake the little boy. The master looked kindly upon his children. And the children said with one accord, "Let us all learn to do good, that we too may have peace and joy in our hearts."

Polycarp.**THE KINGDOM OF TRUTH.**

THE venerable Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, had left the town when the persecution became severe, and taken refuge, with his faithful disciple, Crescens, in the country bordering on Smyrna. In the cool of the evening he went out under the shade of some stately trees, which stood before his rustic abode; there he found Crescens, under an oak-tree, leaning his head on his hand, and weeping.

The old man came up to him, and said, "My son, why weepest thou?" Crescens raised his head and said, "How should I not mourn and weep, when I think of the kingdom of God upon earth? Storm and tempest are bursting over it, and it will be destroyed in its youth. Many professors have already fallen away, denying and blaspheming the truth, and thus shewing that wicked men may confess it

with their mouth, while the heart is far from it. This fills my heart with bitterness, and mine eyes with tears."

Then Polycarp smiled and said, "My dear son, the heavenly kingdom of truth is like a noble tree raised by the husbandman. Silently and in secret he places the seed in the earth, and goes his way. And the germ sprouts and sends forth the young plant among weeds and thistles, and it raises its head above them, while the thorns perish of themselves, overpowered by the growing might of the tree. But the tree still grows, and the winds blow around it, and shake it. Then its roots pierce yet deeper into the earth, and strike into the firmer soil below, while its branches rise toward heaven. Thus it gathers strength from the storm. And now as it grows higher, and its shade broader, the thorns and weeds again grow up under it. But it heeds them not in its towering strength; it stands in calm and unruffled majesty, a tree of God."

So spake the incomparable bishop, and was silent. Then he gave his hand to his disciple, and said with a smile, "Why shouldst thou be

troubled, when thou lookest up into the noble tree, about the vile weeds that creep around its roots? Leave it to Him who hath planted it."

Then Crescens arose, and the cloud passed away from his soul. For the old man walked beside him, bent with age; but his spirit and his countenance were as in the vigour of youth.

The Morning Dream.

A LITTLE boy, named Leopold, came down one morning from his chamber weeping so bitterly that the tears were streaming down his cheeks. His father and mother ran to him in alarm; for they thought that some harm had happened to the child, or that he was ill, and suffering violent pain in his head or his limbs. So they said to him, "Dear child, what ails thee, or who has done thee any mischief?" Then the child said, "Ah, I had a little while ago twelve pretty little white lambs, that came about me, and licked my hand, and I sat among them with a shepherd's crook. But now they are all gone, and I do not know where they are." As he said this he began to cry afresh.

Then the parents saw what was the matter with the child, and perceived that he had had a dream. And they looked at each other smiling.

But the father said, "We are quite ready

to laugh, mother, and yet our sighs and troubles are often but like the tears of childhood ; and as for our wishes and eager desires, do they not many a time resemble Leo's dream ?”

But Leo was still inconsolable for his lambkins. And his parents said to each other, “What shall we do for the poor child ?” So the father turned to him and said, “Leo, I will go and seek thy little lambs.” Then he went out and bought a lamb, and he brought it in, and placed it so that the little boy might see it. The child was greatly delighted, and ran and kissed the little lamb, saying, “Yes, this is it ! this is it ! It looked just so !” And he was quite happy, and said nothing about the eleven other lambs, nor even desired to have them.

Then the father smiled again, and said to the mother, “In our dreams and our tears we are indeed much like our little Leo ; may we imitate also his moderation and contented delight in the little joys bestowed on him !”

The Birth-day Gifts.

THE three youngest children of a certain father, the evening before his birth-day came round, went secretly out and gathered the most beautiful flowers they could find, and wove them, while their father was out of the way, into a very pretty garland. And all night they could not close their eyes.

As soon as the morning began to dawn they went all three into their father's room, with their little feet bare, that the father might not hear, and taking the wreath of flowers with them, they laid it upon his bed, very gently, lest he should observe them. The father did observe them; but he made as if he were asleep. So when it was morning he came down with the pretty wreath of flowers, and said, "Where are the little fairies that came and crowned me in the night while I slept?" Then the children came about their father, full of joy, embracing and kissing him.

After this came a messenger, bringing a small round cask fastened with hoops; it contained very fine wine from Hochheim, to refresh the father's heart. The old man was pleased, for he found his eldest son had sent it; and the children frisked about their father and the little cask.

Soon after, going up to the table, he found upon it a large folded paper, on which was a pious and beautiful poem from his second son, who was returning home from a foreign land. And as the father read it he smiled, while his tears fell on the paper.

On this the three little ones looked at their father, and said, "Ah dear father, we are too young to prepare any gift for you; is it not so?" But the father pressed them all, the little girl and the two boys, to his bosom, and said, "Do not think that your gift is of little value in my eyes. For your little hearts beat with the same love as the others, and mine is the heart of a father for you all."

The Little Flower.

A MOTHER went out one day in spring to walk among the hills with her little daughter ; and while they were out the little girl was delighting herself with the wild flowers and plants that grew by the way-side.

Above all the rest she admired one little flower, which was small and delicate, with a beautiful red tint. Minna (that was the name of the child) broke off the flower, and stood looking at it with joy, and she kissed it, and could not cease to praise its beauty.

At length she grew tired of gazing and admiring, and put the little flower in her mouth to try what taste it had.

But alas ! poor Minna soon came running back to her mother, crying, and saying, " O dear mother, the little flower was beautiful in its form and its colour, and I thought it must be sweet to taste, so I put it in my mouth ; but oh ! it is so bitter I cannot bear

the taste of it. Ah! what bad ugly things flowers are." Thus said the little girl. But her mother answered, "My dear child, why do you blame the little flowers? are they not, as you have said, beautiful in form and colour, and do they not smell very sweetly? Surely that is enough to expect from them. Flowers were never made to be eaten."

The Peaches.

A FARMER once brought home from the town five peaches, the most beautiful that could be seen. His children had never seen any fruit of this kind before, so they were much pleased and astonished at these fine peaches, with their rosy cheeks and soft downy rind; and the father gave one to each of his four children, and one to their mother.

At night, when the children were going to

bed, the father said to them, "Well, how did you like your fruit?"

"Exceedingly well, dear father," said the eldest, "it is a delicious fruit, with a very slight acid, and such a delicate flavour! I have taken care of the stone, and mean to rear a tree from it."

"Very good," said his father, "that shews a prudent care for the future, which becomes the husbandman well."

"I ate up mine at once," cried the youngest, "and threw away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers."

"Well," said the father, "you have not acted very wisely; but you have done what it was natural for a child to do. You will learn wisdom in time."

Then began the second son; "I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away, and opened it. There was a kernel within that tasted as sweet as a nut; but I sold my peach, and received so much money for it, that when I go to the town, I can buy a dozen."

The father shook his head, and said, "That was indeed prudent, but it was not at all

natural or child-like. Heaven grant that thou mayest never become a merchant!"

"And thou, Edmund"—said the father.

Edmund answered with simplicity, "I gave my peach to George, our neighbour's son, who is ill of a fever. He was not willing to take it; so I laid it on his bed, and came away."

"Now," said the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?"

And the other three cried out, "Brother Edmund." But Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

The Elder-Tree Staff.

A HUNTER was in the field with his son, but a deep brook flowed between them; and the boy wanted to come over to his father, but could not, for the brook was very wide; so he cut a stick from a tree that grew near, and pushing the end of it down into the stream, leaned upon it, and swung himself off from the bank. But behold! it was made of a branch from an elder-tree. And as the boy hovered over the brook, his staff broke in two, and plunged him into the water, so that the waves rushed together and closed over him.

A shepherd saw from a distance what had happened, and, running to the spot, raised a loud cry; but the boy dashed through the water, and swam laughing to the shore.

Then the shepherd said to the hunter, "You seem to have taught your son many things, but there is one thing you have forgotten. Why have you not accustomed him to

examine into the inside of a matter before he trusts the outside? had he been aware of the soft pith within, he would not have been deceived by the treacherous bark."

"Friend," said the hunter, "I have taught him to use his eyes and his strength, and thus I may trust him to gain experience for himself. Time may teach him suspicion; but he will stand his ground when trial comes, if his eye be clear, and his powers in full exercise."

The Sheep-shearing.

A MOTHER took her little daughter Ida with her to look at the sheep-shearing. The little girl was quite distressed, and said, "Oh how cruel those men are, to torment the poor creatures so !"

The mother answered, "Not so ; the good God has appointed that man should clothe himself with the sheep's wool ; for he is born without clothing."

"But," said Ida, "the poor little sheep must then starve."

"Ah no !" replied her mother. "The Almighty Father gives man the warm fleece for his clothing, and sends the soft summer breezes to the shorn lamb."

The Wild Cherry.

A FATHER was walking with his two children, a boy and girl, over the hills, and the children amused themselves by gathering strawberries, which grew plentifully by the road-side, and in shady places.

Suddenly the father heard a loud cry of joy from his children, and wondered what they could have found.

He came up to them, and saw that they both held in their hands a beautiful fruit like a cherry, which they were looking at, as if on the point of eating it up.

But the father took the cherries from them, flung them on the ground, and trod them under foot in the sight of the children. Then he plucked up the plants, and crushed them to pieces, together with the cherries that grew upon them.

At this the two children murmured, and looked much displeased at their father; but he said nothing, and walked forward.

At last the children said to him, "How could you, dear father, destroy that beautiful fruit, which gave us so much pleasure? Why did you do so?"

"Children," answered their father, "if you had eaten that fruit it would have caused the death of both of you; it was the fruit of the night-shade, which is a deadly poison."

Then the children were ashamed, and thanked their father, and said, "Dear father, why did you not tell us this? we should not then have grieved you with our foolish murmurs."

But their father answered, "Your murmuring and ill humour prevented me. Had I even forbidden you to eat the sweet and wholesome strawberries, you might have *believed*; but now you *know* that I refuse you no pleasures but such as would prove hurtful to you."

The Canary Bird.

A LITTLE girl, named Caroline, had a favourite canary bird. The little creature sang from morning till evening, and was very beautiful. He was of a golden colour, with a little tuft of black on his head. Caroline fed him with seeds and cooling vegetables; sometimes also she gave him a piece of sugar, and fresh clear water every day.

But suddenly the little bird began to droop; and one morning, when Caroline brought him fresh water, he was found lying dead in his cage.

Then the little one raised a loud lamentation for her darling, and wept bitterly.

And her mother went out and bought another bird, which had fairer colours than the first, and as sweet a song; and she put it into the cage.

But the child only wept the more bitterly at the sight of the new bird.

This surprised her mother very much, and she said, "My dear child, why do you still cry, and afflict yourself so much? Your tears will not bring the little bird to life again, and you have now another, which is quite as beautiful."

Then answered the child, "Ah! dear mother, I have treated the little creature ill, and have not done all that I might and should have done for him."

"Dear Lina," said the mother, "you have taken great care of the poor bird."

"Oh, no!" replied the little girl, "a short time before his death you gave me a piece of sugar for him, which I never brought to him, but ate it myself."

She said this with a sorrowful heart.

The mother did not make light of her child's distress; for she knew and revered the sacred voice of truth in the heart of the little one.

"Ah!" said she, "if you feel thus, my child, for having wronged your little bird, think how sad must be the heart of an undutiful child, when standing by a parent's grave."

The Butterfly-hunt.

EARLY one summer's morning, little William sprang into his father's garden to gather, from his own flower-bed, a bunch of pinks and gilliflowers as a present for his mother. For it was her birth-day.

Now as soon as he came into the garden he espied a beautiful butterfly fluttering about from place to place. Then the boy forgot his mother and the flowers, and ran to seize the butterfly. At first he stooped down, and followed it with gentle steps, that he might catch it at unawares; but at every step his desire for it increased, and the little creature appeared more beautiful in its feathers and its colours the further it flew away from him. At last it came fluttering back again, and alighted upon a young fruit-tree which had just put forth its first blossoms. This tree stood close by the flower-bed which belonged to little William, and his father had given it also to him. For

this reason, and because it was a very small tree, and had a beautiful tuft of blossoms upon it, the little boy loved it very much.

Now when he beheld the little butterfly perched upon these blossoms, he sprang quickly to the spot, and threw his hat so violently upon the young tree, to catch the butterfly, that all the blossoms fell to the ground, and two of the boughs were broken off.

Then he looked down in dismay at the fallen branches which lay before him, and saw that he had also trodden down all his hyacinths, pinks, and gilliflowers, and that the butterfly lay crushed and dead at his feet.

Then William returned to the house weeping and lamenting, an image of that passionate desire after pleasure which blights the joys it is too eager to snatch.

God's Husbandry.

A HUSBANDMAN named Otho said one day to his neighbour Godfrey, "I have observed your life and conduct for many years; but there is one thing that seems to me at once more excellent and more wonderful than any other. Although your lot has been very changeful, and troubles, both many and various, have befallen you and your house, yet your countenance, words, and behaviour, remain ever happy and peaceful, as well in the evil day as in the time of prosperity. Tell me how such things can be."

Then answered Godfrey, "The matter may be explained in few words. My teacher has been my own calling and daily labour. For I have learned to look on myself and my life as a piece of husbandry." At these words Otho looked at Godfrey as if he did not understand him, and the latter continued, "See, my brother, when a trial comes, I think of

the plough and the harrow, which break up the soil, so that the weeds may be destroyed, and the seed-corn may take root. Then I seek after the barren spot in my heart, and the weeds that may be springing up within. These must be rooted up, and that must be cultivated before fruit can grow and thrive there. Sometimes also I see in my troubles an image of the storm which gathers dark and threatening over the sky, but at last brings the rain to cool and purify the air; and I think, when it has passed over, the sun will shine again. Thus I regard myself and all that belongs to me as the field of the husbandman. And shall the land say to him who cultivates it, What doest thou?"

Then said the other, "You speak to me of the fruit, instead of the root. Tell me how you have attained to such thoughts and to so blessed a state of mind." And Godfrey replied, "Can spiritual gifts come from any other than from Him who sends the rain and sunshine on our fields, and brings forth bread out of the earth? Behold, we are *His* husbandry!"

Penitence.

A FARMER had planted with his own hand a row of fine fruit-trees. To his great joy they had just brought forth their first fruit, and he was anxious to see of what sort they would prove.

One day there came into the garden the son of a neighbour, a wicked boy, who enticed the proprietor's son to go with him and rob the young trees of their fruit before it was fully ripe.

Now when the owner of the garden came to his young trees, and saw them stripped of their fruit, he was much grieved, and cried out, "Ah, why have they done thus to me? Wicked boys have destroyed what I took so much delight in!"

These words went to the heart of the farmer's little boy, and he ran to the son of the neighbour, and said, "Oh! my father is grieved at the thing we have done; and I have no

rest in my spirit. My father will love me no more, but will despise and punish me, as I have deserved."

Then answered the other, "You fool! your father knows nothing of it, and will never inquire. You must hide it carefully, and be on your guard."

But when Godfrey—that was the boy's name—came home, and beheld the pleasant countenance of his father, he could not return his kind and cheerful look. For he thought, How can I feel pleasure in seeing him whom I have injured? I cannot bear to look upon myself; there seems a dark shadow in my heart.

Just then his father came, and brought each of his children some autumn fruit, and Godfrey with the rest. So the children jumped about him, and ate with great glee. But Godfrey hid his face, and wept bitterly.

His father raised him up, and said, "My child, why dost thou weep?" And Godfrey answered, "Oh I am not worthy to be called thy son. I can no longer bear that thou shouldest think me different from what I feel

myself to be. Dear father, shew me no more kindness, but punish me; then may I come back to thee, and no longer be my own tormentor. Let me feel bitterly the evil of my fault; for it was I who robbed the young trees."

Then the father took him by the hand, and pressed him to his heart, and said, "I forgive thee, my child: God grant that this may be the first and last time that thou shalt have any thing to hide from me! Then will I never grieve for my young trees."

A Ramble in the Fields.

THE good and gentle Gertrude had spent the finest part of the spring on the bed of sickness. When she began to recover, and regain her strength, she talked about the flowers, and asked whether they were blooming as beautifully as they had done the former year ; for she dearly loved flowers, but she could not go out to gather them. Then Albert, the little girl's brother, took a small basket, and said quite gently to his mother, "I will bring her the finest I can find in the field." So he went out into the fields for the first time. For as long as his beloved sister lay ill he would never leave her, and it appeared to him now as if the spring had never been so lovely before ; for he beheld and enjoyed it with a thankful and loving heart.

The happy boy ran up and down among the hills. The nightingales were singing, bees humming, and butterflies fluttering around him, and under his feet the sweetest flowers were blooming. He sang as he went on, and skipped

from one flowery knoll to another. His soul was as joyous as the clear blue heaven above him, and his eyes sparkled like a brooklet that comes gushing out of the rock.

At length the little basket was filled with beautiful flowers, and on the top of them lay a wreath of wild strawberries, like pearls, on a blade of grass. The happy boy looked smiling at his well-filled basket, and then laid himself down on the soft moss under the shade of an oak-tree. Here he looked forth at ease upon the delightful landscape all glowing with the countless beauties of spring, and listened to the varied song of the nightingales.

But he was wearied with his joys, and fell asleep amidst the delights of the fields, and the birds' sweet melody. So he laid his full basket beside him, himself a lively picture of earthly pleasure, which exhausts us in the enjoyment, and soon fades away.

The kind-hearted boy slept peacefully. But behold! there arose a storm in the sky. Dark and silently gathered the clouds—the lightning flashed, and the voice of the thunder sounded ever nearer and louder. Suddenly the wind roared among the boughs of the oak; Albert

started and awoke. All around him he beheld the skies veiled with thundering clouds; no sunbeam enlivened the fields. Very soon there came a tremendous clap of thunder, and the poor boy stood as if confounded with the sudden change.

Already the thick rain-drops were falling through the branches of the oak; and the terrified boy seized his basket and fled. The storm beat on his head. The rain and wind increased, and the thunder rolled fearfully; the water streamed from his hair, and over his shoulders. Scarcely could he hold on his way. At last a powerful gust of wind seized the basket in his hand, and scattered all his carefully gathered flowers over the field.

Then his countenance changed, and with angry impatience he kicked the empty basket away into a dingle, and crying aloud, and drenched with rain, at last reached his father's house.

The storm soon passed away, and the sky cleared up. The birds began their song afresh; the labourer returned to his work. The air was become clearer and purer, and a sweet calm reigned over hill and vale. The refreshed

fields put forth new sweetness and vigour. All seemed renewed, as if nature had then first come out of the hands of her beneficent Creator; and the country people looked up with thankful joy to the distant cloud, which had brought the blessing of increase to their fields.

Storms purify the air—out of the dark clouds descends the blessing of heaven. Trouble and difficulties invigorate the souls of the children of men, that they may bring forth more noble fruit.

The brightened sky soon lured back the affrighted boy into the fields. Ashamed of his impatience he went back in silence to seek his little basket which he had flung away from him, and to fill it with fresh flowers. He felt quite revived, and the cooling breeze, the perfume of the fields, the foliage of the trees, and the music of the woods, all appeared to him doubly sweet after the storm and the refreshing rain, while the recollection of his foolish and unreasonable ill humour made his joy more gentle and moderate.

The pleasures of earth need the mixture of bitter changes to make them lasting and

wholesome. A proof of their earthly nature. The basket still lay on the slope of a hill. A bramble had caught it, and kept it from being carried away by the violence of the wind. The boy looked at the bramble with a grateful eye, and loosened from it his little basket. But how glad and surprised was he when he looked around him. The fields shone like a starry sky. The rain had brought out a thousand fresh flowers ; a thousand buds had opened, and the dew-drops hung like pearls on the leaves. Albert flew hither and thither like a busy bee, and gathered a new treasure. And now the sun was near setting, and the delighted boy hastened home with his basket quite full. How charmed he was with his flowery treasure and his fresh-gathered strawberries. The setting sun gleamed on his bright pleasant countenance as he walked on to his home. But yet happier was the glance of his eye, when he received the delighted thanks of his dear little sister.

“Is it not true,” said their mother, “that the pleasures we procure for others are always the sweetest ?”

The False Light.

A PILGRIM was hastening from a far distant land to his own home, and his soul was full of sweet hopes; for he had not seen his beloved parents and brothers for many a long year. Therefore he made great haste to arrive at his journey's end. But while he was travelling among the hills, the shades of night fell around him, and it became so dark that he could not well see the staff in his hand. And as he descended into the valley he lost his way, and wandered to the right and left, and was sadly perplexed and troubled. Then he sighed, and said, "Ah, could I but meet with a man who would lead me into the right way, how heartily would I thank him!" So saying, he stood still, waiting for some one to guide him.

While the bewildered pilgrim was standing full of doubt and anxiety, behold there glimmered from afar in the darkness a flickering light, and its gleam filled him with joy in the darkness of the night. "Welcome to me,"

cried he, "thou messenger of peace; by thee I know that I am near the abodes of men! Thy feeble ray appears to me in the gloom of night as joyful as the blush of morning."

He pressed forwards with fresh vigour towards the light in the distance, and thought he should soon see the man who carried it. But behold! it was a wandering light, proceeding from the vapours of a stagnant pool; and had led him on to the brink of a precipice. Suddenly he heard a voice behind him, crying, "Stop, or you are a child of death!" He stood, and looked round him. It was the voice of a fisherman, who called to him out of his boat.

"Why," said the traveller, "must I not follow the friendly light? I am a wanderer, and have lost my way!" "Friendly light!" said the fisherman; "callest thou thus the deceitful glimmer, which lures the wanderer to destruction? It arises from the foul marshy vapours of the damp night, and does but imitate the gleam of a friendly light. See how it wanes and fades away—the evil production of night and darkness!" As he spoke the false glimmer vanished from their sight.

The mischievous light was extinguished, and the weary pilgrim heartily thanked the fisherman who had saved him from destruction. But the fisherman answered, "Why should one man leave another in error, and not guide him into the right way? We have both cause to thank God; I that He has appointed me to do you a good office; you, that it was so ordered that I should be at that time in my boat on the water."

Then the good fisherman left his boat, conducted the pilgrim a good part of the way, and shewed him the path to his father's house. The latter went forward with renewed strength and courage. The light from his home shone from afar with a quiet steady gleam among the trees; that home doubly delightful to him, because he had reached it from amidst perils and wanderings.

He knocked at the door—it flew open—and father and mother, brothers and sisters, all fell on his neck and kissed him, weeping tears of joy.

The Well of Recovery,

OR THE HISTORY OF BARUCH.

IN Damascus, in the land of Syria, there lived a man named Baruch, who was famed through the whole country for his wealth, so that the people said, He is rightly named Baruch, which, in our tongue, means, "The blessed." For he possessed the treasures of India and Arabia, and lived in a magnificent palace, whose pavements were of polished marble, and covered with costly carpets, and there was no end of his riches. Also God had given him a noble wife, and seven blooming children. But, behold! there was neither peace nor joy in his heart. Therefore he strove each day to increase the splendour of his house, and to make all that was fair yet fairer. But he found no peace, and was more and more dissatisfied and unhappy; and sleep fled from his eyes.

Then he said to himself, "What good will my life do me? I can have nothing greater

and better than I have possessed from my youth up, and now I know that all is vain under the sun, and my soul loathes all these things."

So Baruch wandered about, with his mind full of these melancholy thoughts, and afflicted his wife and his whole house, so that men said, "He is tormented with an evil spirit." And he had thoughts of putting an end to his life, that he might be free from his misery.

Then Baruch heard that in the town of Memphis, in the land of Egypt, there dwelt a wise man, a prophet, whom God had endowed with such wisdom that he could give counsel in all things. And Baruch resolved that he would go and ask counsel of the sage.

So he called the most trusty of his servants, Malchi by name, and said, "Come, prepare me two of the camels, and lade one of them with gold, silver, and precious stones, and with the most costly spices of Arabia." And Malchi did as his lord had commanded him. So Baruch arose, and blessed his wife and his children, and departed, he and his servant, and they travelled from thence over the mountains, and

came into the wilderness, to go into the land of Egypt.

Thus they went on with their beasts for seven days, and yet other seven days; but they reached not the land. For the angel of the Lord had smitten them with blindness, so that they lost their way, and knew not their right hand from their left. And they and their beasts were tormented with thirst, for there was neither well nor spring to be found far and wide; so they gathered the dew at night in their mantles, and sucked them to moisten their lips withal.

Then Baruch sighed and said, "Would I not willingly give all the treasures which the camel carries, and much more out of my vaulted store-houses in Damascus, for one cup of the water that springs forth out of marble and porphyry in my gardens; and all the costly wines in my cellars for a little spring that might refresh our parched tongues?"

Thus said Baruch; for the day was very sultry, and the heat and thirst overpowered them, so that their soul fainted in them. They slew one of the camels; but there was

scarce any water found in it, whereby to quench their burning thirst. Then Baruch opened his mouth and said to Malchi, "Ah, my faithful servant and follower, have I brought thee hither, that thou shouldest die for my sake? to my house at home was I a plague through my waywardness, and now to thee, my faithful Malchi, am I an angel of destruction in the wilderness! And yet thou art patient as a lamb—there comes no complaint from thy lips, nor reproach against thy destroyer, who for thy fidelity brings a curse upon thee. Ah, Malchi, how shall I requite thee?" Thus spoke Baruch; but Malchi answered, "How should I not follow my lord willingly, even to death? Have I eaten of thy bread and drunk of thy wine to this day, and been partaker of thy good things, and shall I turn away from thee in the evil day? O would that the Lord might save thee from this extremity, and take my life as thy ransom! For I am yet a lonely man; but for thee a wife and seven children are weeping.

When Malchi had spoken these words he could go no further; for his strength failed him, and he sank down on the ground.

Then was Baruch heart-broken, and he fell on his face in his anguish, and wept and said, "Lord, Lord God of heaven and earth, destroy me, for I am not worthy of the favour which thou hast shewn me, and the burden of my sins presses heavily on my soul. Therefore destroy me, as my deeds have deserved."

When Baruch had said these words, he held his peace and wept sore.

And behold there came a rushing sound from afar out of the rocks, like the rushing of a rivulet. Then Baruch raised his head and listened; the camel also lifted up his head, and inclined his ear to the sound, and drew near the rock. But Baruch said, "Will the Lord do such a wonderful thing, as to open the rocks in the wilderness, that we may be saved from perishing?"

As he spoke he hasted to the spot, and behold, from a deep place at the foot of the rock there burst forth a little stream of clear water, cool and plenteous, and it was lovely to look upon. Then did Baruch fall again upon his face, and wept and said, "Ah, Lord God, now I know in truth that thou art merciful and of great kindness, and that thou doest

wonders, although I am not worthy of thy mercies."

But Baruch drank not of the stream, but hasted to bring a bowl, and filled it, and ran back to his servant Malchi, and bathed his temples, and moistened his lips. Then Malchi opened his eyes and looked at his lord. But Baruch fell on his neck, weeping for joy, and crying, "O Malchi! friend of my heart! servant no more! Ah, I have found thee! See, the angel of the Lord has shewn us a stream of water; drink of it, and let thy soul be revived, that thou mayst live, and I also."

So when Malchi had drunk his spirit was revived, and Baruch led him to the brook. Then they took food from off the camel they had brought with them, and, sitting down by the cooling stream, they ate and drank, and were satisfied. Also they made the beast drink, and rest from his burden; and thus were they all revived and comforted, so they remained there all night until the next day.

Now as the sun arose Malchi spake to Baruch his lord: "See," said he, "the sun is risen. Wilt thou that I fill the skin with

water, and that we go forward to the Egyptian prophet, towards the west? we cannot be far from thence."

Then Baruch smiled on his servant Malchi, and took his hand, and said, "My brother Malchi, not so; behold, the Lord has given me the wisdom which I sought; what need is there of the Egyptian prophet? Come, we will take our journey eastward, by the way which we came."

So they filled the skins with fresh water, and made the camel drink, and drank themselves; and when they had given thanks for the well which had saved them from death they went gladly on their way.

And when they came home to Damascus, behold Thirza, the wife of Baruch, was sitting before the door of the house under a palm-tree, with her seven little ones, and she was affrighted when she saw Baruch and his servant Malchi. But Baruch embraced his wife and children, and wept for joy.

Then Thirza lifted up her voice and said, "Blessings on the wise man of Egypt, who has sent thee home so soon; and blessings on

thee, Baruch, my beloved. For behold, thou art as it were another man, and thy countenance shines in mine eyes as that of an angel of peace. Tell me then, who is the man of God that hath brought back peace to thy soul, that I may bless him?"

Then Baruch looked at his wife with a smile, and related all that had happened to him and Malchi from the beginning to the end. Then he said, "Behold, no man or prophet, but God himself hath taught me wisdom. In the desert have I learned humility; in the streamlet have I confessed the grace of the All Merciful, and learned to prize his gifts; and in my servant have I found a friend! And now I return to thee an altered man, and peace dwells in my heart, which is better than gold and silver, and which all my possessions were not able to bestow."

Thus spoke Baruch, and his course was good and upright to the end of his days; for he did good with his treasures through all the land, and there was not a poor man to be found whom he was not ready to help in his distress, so that the poor whom he assisted

used to say, "Well may he be called Baruch; for he is blessed of the Lord, and blessings come from him."

And he said, "See, the little brook has taught me this also."

Now when a year had passed he went again to the spring with Malchi his friend, and his wife and children, and built on the spot a lodging for the pilgrims of the desert. And he named the spring Beor Refar, which is, The Well of Recovery. And it is called so to this day.

The Bee-Hive.

THERE lived in a town a very benevolent noble-minded man, who grieved to see that the children of poverty grew up in so much ignorance, and spent their days in listless indolence. And he said within himself, "I will try if I can remedy this evil." And he employed all his knowledge and his means to carry out his benevolent plan. But the people were in so corrupt a state, the evil was so great, and the influence of one man so little among them, that the good work could not be accomplished. Then the people mocked at the kind-hearted man, and said, "How finely he has worked out his plans! Now he is himself become a poor man!" And some said, "He sought honour and profit, and he has found only contempt and loss." Thus they laughed him to scorn. And his friends deserted him ; for they were table-friends.

After all this the benevolent man was sorely

grieved, and resolved that he would leave the society of men, and betake himself to some solitary region. So he built himself a hut, and planted a garden far from the crowd and tumult of the town, in a quiet retired spot. Here he became familiar with the plants that grew among the hills, and with the birds of the wood. But he was not yet happy. He took counsel with himself, and said, "I must have something near me that will love me truly, and shew me that faithful kindness which is so seldom found among men. Surely it is for this that Heaven has given us the most faithful among animals." He went and brought a dog to his hut, and gave him a name. And now he had a companion in his solitude.

Now as he was one morning wandering in the neighbouring grove he said to himself, "I live here in the lap of nature, and yet there is a void in my spirit. What can be wanting to me?" While he spoke his eye fell on a little bird which was tending its young ones in the nest. "Ah," cried he, "a new thought! man must have something to take care of;" so he placed a bee-hive beside his hut. And

now he sat for hours and even days by his bees, watching the diligence and skill of the little people, and daily discovering new wonders in this busy community of workers, till his whole soul was filled with astonishment and delight. But he looked around him to find some one to whom he might communicate his thoughts and his discoveries. And his dog looked kindly at him, but understood him not. Then he arose, and sought out the dwellings of the country people who kept bees; and they received him willingly, listened to him, came to visit and to learn from him. Then he taught them many things about the management of bees, which they had not heard of before; and after he had finished his instructions about the bees, he spoke to them of better things, and of the high destiny and chief end of man. The peasants believed him both in this matter and the other, and they became much attached to him, and praised him as their benefactor.

Thus nature and truth led him back to mankind, from whom injuries and falsehood had estranged him.

The Heart of a Child.

IN a time of war there lived, in a besieged city, a noble citizen, whom the enemy had sworn to put to a cruel death, because he had, above all others, stirred up the people to make a brave defence. Now when the walls of the city began to give way, and it could no longer hold out against the besiegers, the wife of this man said to him, "Make haste, my beloved, and fly from this place, lest I suffer the fearful anguish of seeing thee die by the hand of the enemy. God will surely have mercy on me, and on our child, and peace will at last return to our land."

At these words he embraced and blessed his wife and little boy, with many tears, and went on board a small vessel. For the town bordered on the sea.

But soon a storm arose, and drove the ship on the distant coast of a foreign land. Here he lived year after year, gaining the esteem

of the inhabitants by his wisdom, and much wealth by his industry and good conduct. Yet his heart went not after these things, but he sighed constantly after his wife and child, to whom he could find no way of returning. Meanwhile his faithful wife died, and his little boy was taken to an orphan refuge. For it was believed that the father had perished at sea.

At length a ship visited the distant land where he had been so long detained, and brought him back, together with the wealth he had acquired, to his native country.

When he arrived at the city he inquired immediately for his wife, and when he heard that she was dead he was full of grief, and wept bitterly for her. Then he asked about his child, and hearing that he was still alive he was comforted, and inquired where he was to be found.

Now when they brought the little boy to his father in the dress of an orphan, and very poorly clad, he wept in the joy and emotion of his heart; and, kissing the child, said to him, "My dear little boy, I am your father!"

But the child was frightened, and looked on the ground, and could not call him father. For he knew him not; and could not believe that so rich a gentleman could be *his* father.

Then the father took him home to his house, and gave him new clothes; and he would have him to sleep beside him, and to eat and drink with him; also he made him kneel down and pray beside him. And he shewed the little boy nothing but love and kindness, and talked familiarly to him all the day.

These things moved the heart of the boy, and he said to himself, "Before, I could not understand how he could be my father, but now I know that he is. For I feel it in my heart, and the dear name is become quite natural and delightful to me." From this time he called him "Father! my father!" And the heart of his parent revived at the sound.

The Muscle-Shells.

A FATHER, returning home from the sea-shore, brought his little son some pretty muscles and sea-shells, which he had picked up on the sand.

The child's joy was unbounded at the sight of these beautiful and many-coloured treasures of the sea; and he ran to fetch a pretty little casket, and placed them very carefully in it. Then he called his playfellows to look at them; and there was much talk among the children of the village about the beautiful shells, and the little boy's box of treasures. Every morning he counted them over, and thought he discovered each day new beauties in them; and, beside this, he gave them each a name.

After some time the father thought within himself, "I will prepare for him a still greater pleasure than this." So he said to the child, "Come, we will set out, and go to the sea-side; there you will see an endless number of curious things, and you may choose out as many as your heart can desire."

Now when they came to the sea-shore, about the time of ebb-tide, the little boy stood astonished at the great quantities of muscles and shells of various kinds that lay strewed around him, and he went to and fro on all sides, gathering them up. But he soon began to find out that some were prettier than others, and changed those he had gathered for fresh ones. These again he threw away, fancying he had found some of finer form and more brilliant colours. Thus he wandered about, doubting, and dissatisfied in his mind. At length he became so wearied with stooping so long, and with looking about and choosing, that he threw away all he had picked up; and, returning to the house full of discontent, he despised even those which had formerly given him so much pleasure, and gave them all away.

At this his father was grieved, and said to himself, "I have acted very unwisely, and my foolish indulgence has robbed my child of his contentment and simplicity, and deprived us both of much real enjoyment."

The Representatives.

A RICH young Roman had been sick of a dangerous disease. At length he was restored to health; and when he went forth for the first time into the fresh air of the fields he felt as one new born, and full of joy, and began to praise God with a loud voice. And he raised his eyes to heaven, and said, "O thou All-sufficient! were it possible that a man could be profitable to thee, how willingly would I give all my substance!"

Hermas, the pastor, heard him speak, and said to him, "All good gifts come from above; but thou canst not send any thither. Come, follow me."

The youth followed the good old man, and they came into a dark hut, in which was nothing but misery and wailing; for the father lay sick, and the mother was weeping, and the children were half naked, and crying for bread.

The young man was distressed at the sight. But Hermas said, "Behold an altar for thine offering! See here the brethren and representatives of the Lord."

Then did the rich youth open wide his hand, and give plenteously to the poor family; and he caused the sick man to be cured. And they that were ready to perish gave him many blessings, and called him an angel of God.

Hermas smiled upon him and said, "Let it be ever thus with thee; if thine eyes are raised to heaven in thankfulness, let them seek on earth the means to testify thy grateful love."

Old Age.

AN old man, eighty years of age, named Godfrey, was sitting before the door of his country-house, and enjoying a fine autumn morning. His eyes rested sometimes on the blue mountains in the distance, about whose summits the mists were playing like clouds of incense, and sometimes on his sportive grandchildren, who were playing around him.

After a while there came by a young man out of the neighbouring town, and he began to converse with the old man. Now when he heard him tell the number of his years, the youth was astonished at his vigorous old age, and his fine healthy appearance. Therefore he inquired of the old man what means he had used to enjoy so much strength and cheerfulness in the autumn of life.

“My son,” answered Godfrey, “it is, like all other good things, a gift that comes from above, and of which we have therefore no

right to boast ; yet we may perhaps find means, among the objects around us, to illustrate the matter to you."

With these words the old man arose, and leading the youth into his orchard, he shewed him many tall and beautiful trees full of costly fruit, the sight of which was delightful to the eyes.

Then said the old man, " Do you wonder that I now enjoy the fruit of these trees ? Listen, my son : I planted them in my youth. Now thou hast the secret of my serene and fruitful old age."

The youth looked at the old man with a smile ; for he understood his words, and treasured them up in his heart.

The Young Tree.

A LITTLE boy saw his father planting a crab-stock in his orchard. "What will you make of that ugly knotted thing?" said the boy: "truly I should not think it worthy of a place here."

But his father replied, "Judge not so hastily, my child. Do you know what this tree is, that you call a knotted thing?"

"Know it!" said the boy. "It is very easy to see what it is."

"Its outward appearance," answered the father, "you may see plainly enough, but not that which lies hidden in it. Look! this little unsightly stem may grow into a tall and beautiful tree. It may, in a few years, bring forth blossoms and fruit, and will then be both pleasant and serviceable to us. Or possibly it may not be thus. For the living power through which it may become so is as yet hidden and inactive in the young tree."

After a little while William again saw his father beside the young tree. He was tying it firmly to a strong stick, which he had placed in the ground close to it.

"Why do you do that?" asked William.
"You are taking away its freedom."

His father answered, "Lest the wind should break it down; and also that it may grow up straight and slender."

After this the father cut off some large branches, placed them in the ground, all round the tree, and hedged it about with thorns, to keep off the cattle.

"See," said the father, "I love the young tree on account of the living energy which lies hid in it. Therefore I tend it carefully, that this hidden energy may be drawn forth, and made productive of that which is good."

Early in the following spring the father led his son once more to the young tree. He had cut a twig from another apple-tree; and now he took his knife, and made so deep a cut in the stem of the little tree, that the top of it fell to the ground. The boy cried out with

astonishment: "Alas!" said he, "now indeed all the labour is in vain."

But his father smiled, and grafted the little twig upon the stump of the tree; then he bound all carefully together. When he had finished he said to his little boy, "Now if that young tree had remained in the wood, it would have grown up crooked and knotted, as it was at first, and would never have produced good fruit. But I have given a right direction to its growth; and before the advancing spring has fully developed its life and power I have grafted it with a better kind, whereby its nature will be improved, and fair blossoms and fruit will in due time appear."

Very soon the young tree began to send forth its boughs, and to look strong and beautiful. Then appeared the buds and blossoms; and when autumn came the branches were bending with red and gold-coloured apples. "What do you think of it now?" asked the father of the little boy.

"O!" said the latter, greatly delighted, "it has become a lovely and grateful tree."

"See," continued the father, "how it

stretches out its fruitful boughs towards you! Come, I will give it you, William. From this time it shall be your own. It has repaid my care and pains in its culture—do you gather instruction from your young tree!”

The Guide.

THERE was a traveller who had a long and dangerous journey to take, over a steep rocky mountain, and was not well acquainted with the way. He therefore made inquiries of another traveller, of whom he had heard it said that he had gone over the same road. This man described the right path very ably and plainly, together with all the by-ways and precipices which were to be avoided, and the rocky heights to be climbed: he also gave him a map, in which everything was laid down with much clearness and skill.

The wayfaring man rejoiced to have obtained so much information, and carefully consulted his friend's directions at every doubtful point in his journey.

Thus he walked vigorously forward; but as he continued to ascend, the rocks towered yet steeper above him, and the way seemed to lose itself in a lonely and fearful chasm.

Then his heart sank within him : he looked anxiously up to the lofty grey rocks, and said, " It is impossible for a man to tread that rugged path, and climb those fearful steepes. It is fit only for the eagle's wing, or the foot of the chamois ! "

Already had he turned about, and was thinking whether he should retrace his steps, when a voice called to him, " Take courage, and follow me ! " He turned again at the sound, and beheld, to his great joy, the figure of the man who had described the way to him. He saw him quietly and securely threading his way among chasms and precipices and rushing mountain-torrents. This gave him confidence, and he stepped boldly after him.

Before evening he had crossed the mountain, and found himself at the end of his journey, in a lonely valley, where myrrh and pomegranates were blooming.

Then the happy wanderer thanked his guide, and said, " How can I reward thee ? Thou hast not only guided me into the right way, but hast given me courage and strength to walk in it. "

The other replied : " Not so ; am I not a wanderer like thyself ? And art thou not still the same man thou wast before ? Through my example thou hast but learned to know and to use the inward strength that hath been given thee from above."

The Two Travellers.

Two men were travelling together in the country, and as they were resting by the way at an inn, they suddenly heard a loud noise of bells ringing, and a cry of fire in the village. Then one of the travellers arose, threw aside his staff and his wallet, and hastened to give his assistance. The other tried to detain him, saying, "Why should we trouble ourselves about these strangers? Are there not hands enough to help among themselves?"

His companion heard him not, but ran towards the burning house, while the other followed slowly, and stood looking on at a distance.

Before the house in flames stood a poor frantic mother, crying out, "O my children, my children!"

When the stranger heard this, he rushed into the house amidst the burning and cracking timbers, while sparks of fire played about him.

And the people who stood by cried out, "He is lost!"

But when they had waited awhile, behold he came out, his hair all singed with the flames, and carrying in his arms two little children.

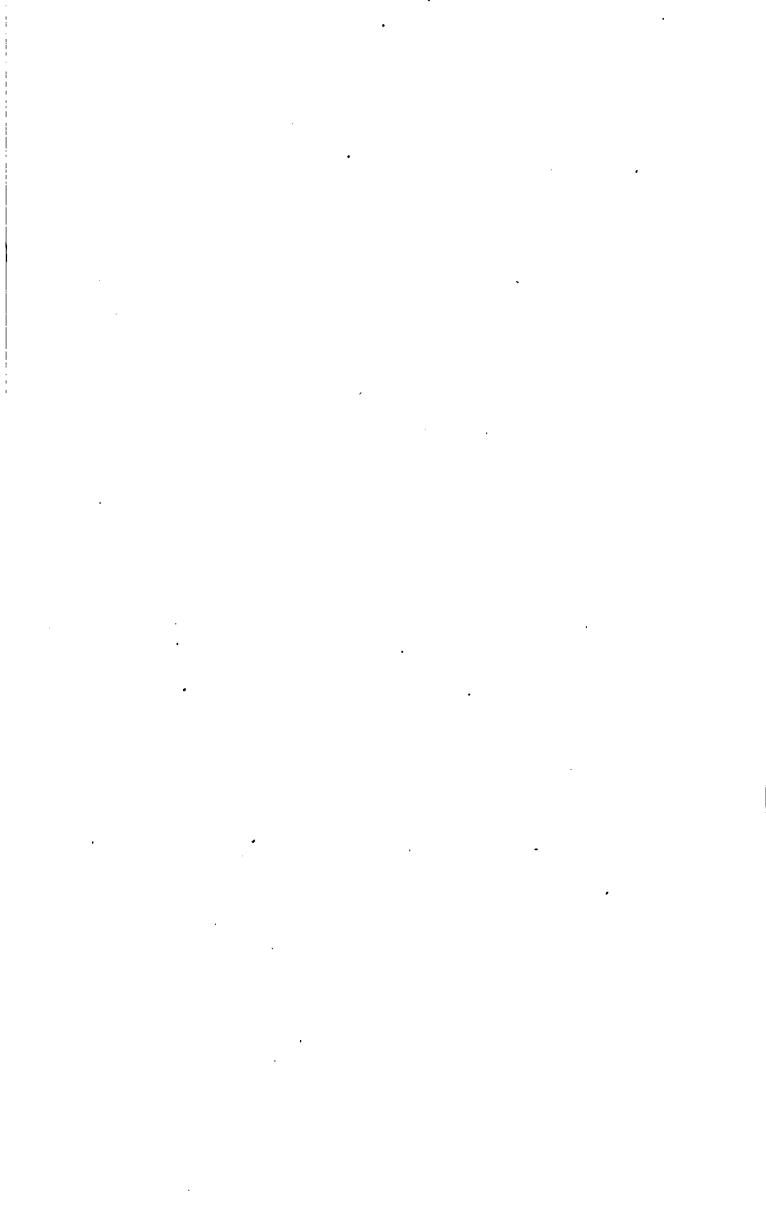
So he brought them to their mother, who embraced her little ones, and then fell at the stranger's feet. And while he raised and spoke kindly to the poor woman, the house fell in with a fearful crash.

Now as the traveller and his companion went back to the inn, the latter said, "But who called you to so perilous an adventure?"

The other replied, "Even He who commanded me to put the seed-corn into the earth, that it may first perish, and then spring up and bear fruit."

"But," said his friend, "what if the house had buried you in its ruins?"

The other smiled, and replied, "Then I had myself been the seed-corn."



SELECT BOOKS,
PUBLISHED BY JOHN W. PARKER,
WEST STRAND, LONDON.

**Under the Sanction of the Committee of Council
on Education.**

**A MANUAL FOR TEACHING
MODEL-DRAWING FROM SOLID FORMS;**

Combined with a Popular View of Perspective, and adapted to the
Elementary Instruction of Classes in Schools and Public
Institutions, as taught under the Sanction of the
Committee of Council on Education.

By **BUTLER WILLIAMS, C.F., F.G.S.**, Director of the
Drawing Classes at the School of Method.

Handsomely Printed in Octavo, and Illustrated by Shaded Engravings of the
Models, and Numerous Wood-Cuts, 15s.

II.

INSTRUCTIONS IN DRAWING,

For the Use of Elementary Schools. Abridged from the foregoing "Manual."
With Numerous Illustrative Wood-Cuts, and Outline
Figures of the Models, 3s.

**MULHAUSER'S METHOD OF TEACHING WRITING
ADAPTED TO ENGLISH USE.**

A MANUAL OF WRITING; IN TWO PARTS.

Part I. Analysis of the Method, with Directions for its Application to
Monitorial Schools. Part II. Application of the Method; Arrange-
ment of Classes; Duties of Monitors; Duties of Masters; Individual
Instruction; Lessons and Rules; Simultaneous and Monitorial
Instruction; the Mixed Method. Illustrated throughout by Practical
Observations and Instructions. With Forty Plates of Writing Models,
accompanied by Tablets of Explanatory Rules. 2s. 6d.

WRITING MODELS,

The Set of Forty, mounted, for the use of Pupils. 2s. 6d.

**SELECT BOOKS FOR FAMILIES,
Under the Sanction of the Committee of Council
on Education.**

**WILHEM'S METHOD OF TEACHING SINGING
ADAPTED TO ENGLISH USE**

BY JOHN HULLAH,
PROFESSOR OF VOCAL MUSIC IN KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE MANUAL.

Parts I. and II., 2s. 6d. each; or the Two Parts bound together
in cloth, 5s.

II.

**THE EXERCISES AND FIGURES
FOR THE USE OF PUPILS.**

Three Books, 6d. each.

III.

HULLAH'S LARGE SHEETS,

Containing the Exercises and Figures in bold Characters on Sheets Three
feet Six inches long. Ten Parcels of Ten Sheets each, (Nos. I. to X.;
XI. to XX.; XXI. to XXX., &c.) price 7s. 6d. per Parcel.

IV.

SINGING TABLETS FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

Price, Sheets, 10s.; Mounted on Millboard, 25s.; in Box, complete, 30s.

V.

A GRAMMAR OF VOCAL MUSIC

For the Use of Public Schools and Classes of Adults. Royal Octavo,
7s., bound.

The Grammar of Vocal Music is, in its plan and general details, the same work
as the *Manual of WILHEM'S Method of Teaching Singing*; but the *words* of
the Songs are for the most part different, and more particularly fitted
for the use of Adult Classes; considerable additions also have been made
both to the theoretical and practical portions.

VI.

**ILLUSTRATIONS TO HULLAH'S VOCAL
GRAMMAR.**

Size, three feet eight by two feet six.) The set of Thirty, Price £2.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN W. PARKER, LONDON.

Foolscap Octavo, 2s. 6d.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

By the Right Rev. T. VOWLER SHORT, D.D., Bishop of Sodor and Man.

Foolscap Octavo, 3s. 6d.

CAN WOMAN REGENERATE SOCIETY?

CONTENTS.—Introduction.—Social Intercourse.—Morals.—Intelligence.—
Action.—Dignity of Character.—Knowledge.—Love—Friendship.—
Old Maidism.—Marriage.—Imagination—Poetry—
Spirituality.—Religion.—Conclusion.

Eleventh Edition, 3s. 6d.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

Two Volumes, Post Octavo, 14s.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND DUTIES,

**Considered with Relation to their Influence on Society, and on
her own Condition.**

By a WOMAN.

Third Edition, 3s. 6d.,

THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND;

**A MANUAL of PRACTICAL ADVICE and INSTRUCTION to
YOUNG FEMALES, on their entering upon the DUTIES of LIFE
after quitting School. By a LADY.**

Demy 12mo., 1s. 6d.

EASY LESSONS ON REASONING.

Reprinted from the SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

By the same Author.

EASY LESSONS ON MONEY MATTERS. 1s.

**INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON CHRISTIAN
EVIDENCES. 6d.**

Demy 12mo., 2s., gilt.

**STORIES OF THE GODS AND HEROES OF
GREECE.**

Told by BERTHOLD NIEBUHR to his SON.

Edited by SARAH AUSTIN.

SELECT BOOKS FOR FAMILIES,

With *FRONTISPIECE*, from a Drawing by Sir A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A., 8s.

THE LITTLE BRACKEN BURNERS, A TALE; and LITTLE MARY'S FOUR SATURDAYS.

By LADY CALLCOTT, Author of *Little Arthur's History of England*.

Two Volumes, Foolscep Octavo, 7s.,

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES,

Or Morals and Manners connected.

By HARRIETTE CAMPBELL, Author of *The Only Daughter*.

Second Edition, with a Hundred Wood-Cuts, 3s. 6d., bound and gilt,

FABLES AND MORAL MAXIMS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

SELECTED BY ANNE PARKER.

With Wood-Cuts, 1s. 8d.

FABLES AND CLASSICAL SKETCHES.

By a CLERGYMAN.

Second Edition, 3s. 6d.,

POPULAR POEMS.

SELECTED BY ELIZABETH PARKER.

Ornamentally printed, bound and gilt, 3s. 6d.,

NATIONAL PROVERBS IN THE PRINCIPAL LANGUAGES OF EUROPE.

By CAROLINE WARD.

With numerous Engravings, 4s.,

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS MENTIONED IN HOLY SCRIPTURE,

Illustrated by Extracts from the WORKS OF TRAVELLERS.

Two handsome Pocket Volumes, bound and gilt, 8s.

GEMS OF SACRED LITERATURE;

Or, Choice Pieces from the Works of celebrated Writers, from 1600 to 1840;
with Select Passages from the Early Fathers, and an Introductory
Essay on Sacred Literature.

Uniformly with the above, Two Vols., 8s.,

GEMS OF SACRED POETRY;

A Collection of Beautiful Poems from the Works of British Writers
between 1540 and 1840.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN W. PARKER, LONDON.

Third Edition, enlarged, 4s. 6d.,

READINGS in ENGLISH PROSE LITERATURE;

Containing choice Specimens of the Works of the best English Writers,
From LORD BACON to the Present Time.

With Essays on the Progress of ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Fourth Edition, enlarged, 4s. 6d.,

READINGS IN BIOGRAPHY ;

A Selection of the LIVES of EMINENT MEN of all NATIONS.

Fifth Edition, enlarged, 4s. 6d.

READINGS IN POETRY ;

Selection from the Works of the best English Poets, from SPENSER to
the present times ; with Specimens of the American Poets ;
Notices of the Writers ; and Explanatory Notes.

Foolscap Octavo, 4s.,

READINGS IN NATURAL THEOLOGY ;

Or, the Testimony of Nature to the Being, Perfections, and Government
of God.

Third Edition, revised and enlarged, with many Engravings, Price 5s.,

READINGS IN SCIENCE ;

Being familiar EXPLANATIONS of some of the most interesting
Appearances and Principles in NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

New Editions, enlarged, 10s. 6d. each Volume,

**THE STUDENT'S MANUAL OF ANCIENT
HISTORY ;**

Political History, Geographical Position, Social State, Wars and Conquests
of the Principal Nations of Antiquity.

**THE STUDENT'S MANUAL OF MODERN
HISTORY ;**

Rise and Progress of European Nations—Political History and Social Con-
dition—Colonies.

By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

HISTORY OF MOHAMMEDANISM,

And the Principal Mohammedan Sects.

By W. C. TAYLOR, LL. D.

With Engravings, 5s. 6d.

SELECT BOOKS FOR FAMILIES.

Five Volumes, at 6s. 6d. each,

ORIGINAL FAMILY SERMONS

By upwards of ONE HUNDRED and FIFTY DIVINES of the
ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Foolscap 8vo., 6s. 6d.,

A HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY;

From its Promulgation to its Legal Establishment in the Roman Empire.

By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin.

Fourth Edition, 6s. 6d.,

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

From the Ascension of Jesus Christ to the Conversion of Constantine.

By the late Professor BURTON.

Foolscap Octavo, 4s. 6d.,

THE CIVIL HISTORY OF THE JEWS,

From Joshua to Adrian; with incidental Notices of Manners and Customs,
Geography and Antiquities.

By the Rev. O. COCKAYNE, M.A., of King's College, London.

Fourth Edition, 4s.,

THE EARLY CHRISTIANS;

Their MANNERS and CUSTOMS, TRIALS and SUFFERINGS.

By the Rev. W. PRIDDEN, M.A.

Four Volumes, with Portraits, New Edition, 4s. 6d. each.,

LIVES OF EMINENT CHRISTIANS;

By the Rev. R. B. HONE, M.A., Vicar of Hales Owen.

Two Volumes, with Portraits, price 4s. 6d. each,

LIVES OF ENGLISH SACRED POETS;

With an INTRODUCTORY SKETCH of EARLY SACRED POETRY and POETS.

By the Rev. R. A. WILLMOTT, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

In Three Volumes, 6s. 6d. each,

THE FAMILY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By the Rev. GEORGE R. GLEIG, M.A.;

WITH A SERIES OF PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Post 8vo., 7s. 6d.,

LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS;

Selected and Illustrated, with Biographical Notices.

By the Rev. R. A. WILLMOTT, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN W. PARKER, LONDON.

With numerous Illustrations, 6s.

THE WORLD OF WATERS
Or, RECREATIONS IN HYDROLOGY.

By Miss R. M. ZORNLIN.

With many Illustrations, 4s. 6d.,

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.

By Rev. LEWIS TOMLINSON, M.A.

Second Edition, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.,

RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY,

With a Discourse on the Nature and Advantages of Geology.

Also, with numerous Illustrations, 6s.,

RECREATIONS IN PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY,
Or, THE EARTH AS IT IS.

By Miss R. M. ZORNLIN.

With numerous Illustrations, 4s. 6d.,

RECREATIONS IN CHEMISTRY.

By THOMAS GRIFFITHS,

Chemical Lecturer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

With Illustrations, 2s. 6d., gilt,

WHAT IS A VOLTAIC BATTERY ?

By Miss R. M. ZORNLIN.

Second Edition, with Engravings, 2s. 6d.,

MINERALS AND METALS ;

Their Natural History and Uses ; with Accounts of Mines and Mining.

Third Edition, Two Volumes, with Engravings, 7s.,

A FAMILIAR HISTORY OF BIRDS ;

Their Nature, Habits, and Instincts.

By the Right Rev. E. STANLEY, D.D., Lord Bishop of Norwich.

With many Wood-Cuts, handsomely bound and gilt, 3s. 6d. each Volume.

DOMESTICATED ANIMALS,

II. WILD ANIMALS.

III. THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS OF AMERICA.

By MARY ROBERTS.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN W. PARKER, LONDON.

Uniform with the **BIBLE CYCLOPEDIA**, 7s. 6d.,

BIBLE MAPS.

**A Series of New and Accurate Maps, accompanied by Explanatory Memoirs,
and forming a complete Historical and Descriptive
Scripture Geography.**

By WILLIAM HUGHES, F.R.G.S.

New Edition, with a Set of Maps, 7s.,

BIBLE NARRATIVE;

**Chronologically arranged, in the words of the authorised Version, continued
by an Historical Account of the Jewish Nation: and forming
one Consecutive History from the Creation of the
World to the Termination of the Jewish Polity.**

Dedicated, by permission, to the Lord Bishop of Winchester

By Miss R. M. ZORNLIN.

Foolscap Octavo, 4s. 6d.,

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY;

**Or, Histories of the Lives and Conduct of the Principal Characters of the
Old and New Testament. By EDWARD FARR**

Sixth Edition, Two Volumes, with Engravings, 5s. 6d.,

**CONVERSATIONS OF A FATHER WITH HIS
CHILDREN.**

Third Edition, Two Volumes, with Engravings, 7s.,

TALES AND STORIES FROM HISTORY.

By AGNES STRICKLAND.

Third Edition, 3s. 6d.,

FIRST SUNDAYS AT CHURCH ;

Or, Familiar Conversations on the Morning and Evening Services.

By the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE, M.A.

New Edition, with many Cuts, 3s. 6d.,

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

Adapted to the Use of Young Persons of the present day.

By Miss ZORNLIN.

LONDON: JOHN W. PARKER, PUBLISHER, WEST STRAND.



